THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Publication Office:
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Application made for entry at the Post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class matter.

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Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

The Washington Herald is delivered by carrier in the District of Columbia and at Alexandria, Va., at 35 cents per month, daily and Sunday, or at 25 cents per month without the Sunday issue.

Subscription Rates by Mail.

Daily and Sunday.....35 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$4.20 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....25 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....$3.00 per year

No attention will be paid to anonymous contributions, and no communications to the editor will be printed except over the name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

All communications intended for this paper, whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1906.

Will It End in Annexation.

Discussion of the Cuban situation in the press reveals a widespread belief that the eventual outcome of intervention will be the annexation of the island. The consensus of American opinion seems to be about this: "Give the Cubans another chance to try self-government, but if they fail again, Uncle Sam must take the island." Some able editors entertain the suspicion that, while professing otherwise, the administration is really in favor of annexation. Such is the view largely held in the South, though the sentiment of that section cannot be regarded as opposed to the annexation of Cuba, unless annexed as a State, bringing with it the race question in a new guise. Nowhere, indeed, do we find any strong opposition to the taking over of Cuba if Cuba is willing, and if the conditions there continue unfavorable for the development of a stable government. Some newspapers are openly advocating annexation, while others regard it as an inevitable consequence of our close relations, political and economic, with the island, and of the political instability of the Cuban population.

President Roosevelt has indicated his opposition to annexation in no uncertain terms, but it cannot be said that the administration has burned the bridges behind it on this question. Coincidently with the President's announcement of his anti-annexation policy, the statement was made, apparently with authority, that when the reins of government were restored to the Cubans they would be warned that a repetition of disorders requiring a second intervention would mean the end of independence. This is the core of the whole matter. Intervention is the seed of annexation. Our duty of intervention, expensive and inconvenient as it proves to be, is the very thing which is bound to force the annexation question perennially upon us. For what is to prevent the Cubans from invoking intervention at practically every election which the defeated faction chooses to contest by arms? How the game was worked this time appears in the diplomatic correspondence lately published, wherein Palma is shown to have yelled before he was seriously hurt, and to have sought intervention when, by the exercise of a little ordinary statesmanship tempered by a trifling amount of patriotism, he could have composed the trumpery revolution without calling for outside assistance.

When this sort of thing has happened a few times, what will have become of the present official protestations that we do not want to annex Cuba?

Cabinet Officers on the Stump.

There does not seem to be adequate ground for the criticism of Secretary Root's intention to go on the stump during the present campaign. On the contrary, there is every reason why the Cabinet officers should seize every opportunity to render to the people an account of their stewardship in the administration which they represent.

It would be a wise thing, in fact, to graft into our political system the practice which obtains in England of compelling cabinet officers to occupy seats in Parliament, where they can be questioned by members and where they can enlighten the legislators upon all matters connected with the government. Our custom of dealing with the cabinet through formal resolutions adopted either by the Senate or the House is cumbersome, indirect, and unsatisfactory. The presence of the Cabinet officers in Congress would result in the dissemination of information in a prompt and direct manner; and the relations between the executive and legislative branches of the government, now frequently strained, would be vastly improved.

As we do not have this system, it is proper that Cabinet officers should seek the larger forum. They must appeal directly to the people. Even if it be true that their utterances are for political effect, the fact remains that if they do not make a satisfactory showing their failure to do so militates against the party in power. If, on the other hand, they make an adequate and convincing statement, thereby winning votes for their political organization, they are entitled to the support which they thus obtain. In brief, it is a good thing for the public to have these executive chiefs render their account; and no one who regards the situation with a sensible eye will utter a single word of protest.

Incidentally, it is a rare good fortune for the administration that its achievements and policies are to be presented by a pleader of such signal ability as Secretary Root. He is a tower of strength to any cause which he represents.

Senator Tillman's Latest.

Tense as race feeling is in some parts of the South, as shown by the press reports from Macon, Birmingham, and other points, is the situation really as bad as pictured by Senator Tillman? Is the South on the verge of great social convulsions? Is it in danger of rapine and slaughter? Have matters come to such a pass that the people of the South cannot enforce their own laws and preserve domestic peace and order?

There is much evidence to the contrary in the utterances of the Southern press and of Southern leaders of thought. Considering the matter apart from its social and political aspects, the Atlanta episode has convinced many Southerners that the question they have to deal with primarily is one of police protection and of the police supervision of, or the suppression of, the resorts of the vicious and criminal. The Atlanta authorities have vigorously set to work to rid their community of the low dives which have supplied the motive power for much of the crime laid to the door of negroes. Their problem is much the same as that which confronted the authorities of Springfield, Ohio, after the race riots there, when it was found the police had for a long time been deplorably negligent in the suppression of crime. With a more vigorous and effective police administration, there can be small question that the chance for a repetition of Atlanta's troubles will be much lessened.

In contrast to Senator Tillman's views are those of Judge Shands, professor of common law in Tulane University, who, in an interview in the New Orleans Picayune, while expressing his apprehension for the future, said: "I believe the law sufficient for the protection of all the people, and if impartially administered it will deter criminals, as it is designed to do, and will bring about peace in the country." This belief seems sane and reasonable, even in face of the peculiar conditions affecting the administration of law in the South. Even-handed justice may do much to mitigate the terrible future which Senator Tillman predicts for the Southland.

Prof. D. Jones to the Rescue.

Prof. D. Jones, of Macon, Mo., who styles himself "champion speller of the world"—and far be it from The Herald to dispute it—has thrown down the gauntlet, fair and square, at the feet of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Carnegie, et al., and rushes manfully, if unwisely, to the rescue of the English language. Prof. Jones declares with no uncertain emphasis that he will have none of "this new fangled and so-called simplified spelling." Indeed, he comes right out in meeting and speaks it so all may hear.

Prof. D. Jones, as a glance at his name will convince, believes in simplified and abbreviated initials, but simplified spelling fills him with woe and fierce mental distress. So wrought up has Prof. D. Jones become over the matter that he proposes to hurl all the weight of his championship against it.

After all, who shall blame the professor? What's the use being a champion of the world if spelling is to be made so easy that every one may be a champion? Indeed, it looks as though the whole thing may be a deep-laid plot against Prof. D. Jones—a plot to render his claims to the championship ridiculous and thus hold him up to public scorn. To deprive the professor of his business as champion, as well as render his preeminence as a speller null and void, would be little short of cruel.

Were the professor of the common herd, who never are quite sure of half the words they attempt to spell, he might have more sympathy with the efforts now being put forth to make the spelling business easy. But, being a champion, we readily concede the soundness of his position, and cordially commend his courage.

We had thought the Missouri mule fixed Missouri's claims to everlasting fame secure, but if that is getting shaky, we may depend upon Prof. D. Jones to tighten up the rivets.

A Mistake to Be Avoided.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the proposed protest against placing the statue of the late Hon. J. L. M. Curry in Statuary Hall will not be submitted. As we understood it, the basis of the objection is that Dr. Curry served in the Confederate army. There is no question as to his eminent ability, his unblemished character, his splendid philanthropy. He was, however, a Confederate soldier, and for this reason some members of the Grand Army of the Republic would banish his marble effigy from our national hall of fame.

We cannot believe that this adverse sentiment exists to any great degree among the veterans who fought on the Union side during the civil war. These men, brave and chivalrous, are, as a rule, appreciating and applauding the self-sacrifice and the bravery of their old-time antagonists. It does not seem likely that they will as an organization attempt at this late day to infuse into the cold ashes of an ancient internecine strife the dangerous fire of sectional feeling. Certainly no good could be accomplished thereby. For years and years it has been the effort of wise and patriotic men to obliterate all traces of our fraternal struggle. Men of the North and of the South, proud of their common country, have stood shoulder to shoulder in their endeavor to build up a nation. President McKinley once remarked that great as were the consequences of the war with Spain, still greater was the fact that during that war every vestige of our own sectionalism disappeared. Forty years have passed since the civil war. During all that time we have been slowly but surely coming closer and closer together. It would be worse than folly now to open a chasm long since closed.

Dr. Curry was in every sense a fine representative of his State. He followed her fortunes during the great war, but when the issue had been decided there was none more loyal. He served his country faithfully in the diplomatic service, and embodied the highest qualities of American citizenship. We trust that the honor now about to be done his memory will not be marred by the unnecessary and unseemly exhibition with which, it is intimated, we are to be inflicted.

Moving to the Country.

President Roosevelt is represented in a popular magazine as sharing the belief that there is no movement of population from the city to the country. Doubtless the President had in mind a movement which would supply labor on farms. That labor tends to migrate cityward rather than countryward is true. There is, however, in the neighborhood of every large city a growing population of those who have chosen rural life, for various reasons, in preference to city life. Any one who has observed conditions about Washington, for example, cannot have failed to note the rapid increase of country dwellers. Many of them merely live in the country, finding a livelihood in town, but a substantial number each year actually take up rural occupations with more or less success. Failures there are, of course, and these return to urban existence. The author of "Ten Acres Enough," who wrote in the '60's, noticed the same thing in his day. He observed, when he looked over country properties, that a great many places were for sale. It looked as if everybody was moving, or trying to move, to town. He found, however, that the movement was in both directions. For every man who went cityward there was another who sought rural pleasures and profits; and so the balance was preserved.

Nowadays the rural movement is better organized, so to speak. Magazines and magazine departments are devoted to exploiting rural life and pleasures, books are plentiful telling how to do extraordinary things with a cow and some chickens and a garden plot; and the wonders of scientific farming as expounded by literary agriculturists are only exceeded by the credulity of people who believe in it all. Philosophers have arisen in all directions to show city folk the error of their way of life, and the "Reflections of a Country Woman" or "Thoughts from a Farmer's Diary" find their way into every properly conducted periodical. The 300-eggs-a-year hen, the cow that gives up ten gallons of milk a day, the bacterial dust that doubles the size of your crops, are the frequent themes of wondering discussion. After all, the lure of nature is potent. Green fields and fresh air and chores—"the most hateful employment ever invented for mortal man," some one has called those useful daily duties; there is no scientific method of doing "chores," yet they do not appear to deter any one, as they well might, from the simple life. Health and hard work are to be found in the country along with singing birds and muddy roads. The compensations, however, as in other ways of living, run ahead of the unpleasant things, and if you do not have all the conveniences, not even all the beautiful things, of city life, neither do you have all the discomforts, the distractions which wear down the nerves; the while you have the supreme pleasure of living close to nature, something which appeals to the heart of almost every man and woman, as does the "call of the wild" to the civilized canine of whom the novelist tells us.

One of the minor incidents of the recent automobile races in France seems to have been the killing of a mere man or so.

Mr. Hearst must feel envious every time he thinks of the Taft method of just proclaiming yourself governor.

Russia is again facing a desperate crisis. It is not at all improbable that Russia wishes the crisis would change its face, too.

San Marino, the smallest republic in the world, has two presidents. Perhaps that plan might satisfy Cuba.

That cement boom in Arkansas is said to rest upon a solid and substantial foundation.

Out in Missouri the other night the leader of a mob was shot and severely wounded. He probably considers that a very unladylike way to treat a mob leader.

At any rate, the boy who loses out in a simplified spelling bee will not feel the sting of defeat quite so much.

The government station on Pikes Peak is about to close for the winter. The keepers will enjoy a high old time until spring.

A man of the name of Milk, knocked down six men in one day in Boston recently. Some member of the human kindness family must have been treating Milk like poor kin.

Edgar Bailey, mistaken for a deer, has just been killed up in Maine. It is hard to tell which is the more dangerous business up in Maine, innocent bystanding or deer hunting.

"The best way to secure peace is to learn to shoot straight," says the President. Certainly that is good advice to those who aim to secure peace.

That man down South who petitioned the courts to change his name from Smith to something else evidently never heard of Hoke.

Judge McDonough, of Massachusetts, has decided that squeezing a girl's hand is not illegal. This puts a girl's hand in the same class as the small stockholders.

Once it was the humble grape that caused appendicitis, then the trolley car, then the motor car. Next it will be the airship.

At the same time, we trust that the Cuban war may be carried through this time without the officers round-robining the President.

A Kansas City judge in sentencing a prisoner recited an original poem to him. And yet the Constitution expressly forbids cruel and inhuman punishment.

Several Chicago men have mysteriously disappeared. Chicago can stand that all right, provided they do not ultimately show up in St. Louis.

"After Rockefeller, who?" demands a contemporary. Well, about this time last year it was the sheriff.

The Esquimos are said to be very silent people, rarely ever saying a word. This proves that District Attorney Jerome isn't descended from an Esquimo.

In view of the fact that President Roosevelt was nominated by the thirteenth Republican convention, perhaps he might be induced to accept another nomination just to demonstrate the potency of the famous "Roosevelt luck" over all kinds of hoodoos.

One man has accused Candidate Hughes of looking like a Russian general, but so far no one has accused Candidate Hearst of looking like Field Marshal Oyama.

Since the Hon. George Fred Williams once more hovers on the horizon, who knows but that the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson may yet get in the game.

First it was the Simple Life and now it is simple spelling. Are we to become, after all, a nation of simpletons?

Mobile might not be disposed to find fault if an occasional hurricane put in a one night stand there, but a whole week in repertoire is rather rubbing it in.

Some New York Irishmen have formed a "Hearst Club." Wouldn't a Hearst Shillalah be more to the point, for an Irish organization at any rate?

Mayor McClellan insists that he was put off at Buffalo.

After all, the King of Spain must rather congratulate himself that the Pearl of the Antilles no longer has a place in his jewel box.

Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Morocco, stands in mortal dread of assassination. In other words, Abdul Aziz fears that he may soon be known to fame as Abdul Azizn't.

H is the eighth letter in the alphabet, and yet it is 23 for either Mr. Hearst or Mr. Hughes, without saying which.

Here goes the Constitution chasing the flag again.

Chancellor Day says that the student who smokes is a fool, but it is all right for him to let his lamp smoke.

For sitting on the lid so heavily, St. Louis Democrats last Monday night decided to sit on Mr. Folk.

President Palma left twenty million dollars in the Cuban treasury. Thus in another respect we find that the Cuban revolution is not of the South American variety.

Goldfield, Nev., is showing symptoms of city ways, being at this time the proud possessor of a real strike. Goldfield, it will be remembered, is the city recently put on the map by Messrs. Battling Nelson and Joe Gans.

Georgia farmers report a strange bug in the cotton fields. Just the farmer's old friend, humbug, we presume.

The hardest problem Mr. Jerome has ever had to solve is whether to bolt the entire convention or swallow Mr. Hearst.

Cuba must be made to behave, for Gen. Funston has been ordered to tell that to the marines.

INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Autumn.

In the blur of the dusk
Drifts the smoke from the leaves,
And the withering husk
Rustles softly, and grieves
For the flower that blushed
In the glow of the dawn,
For the bird song is hushed
And the summer is gone.

And at noon is a haze
On the forest-clad hill,
And the rivulet plays
In a world that is still—
In a world that is bare
Where the meadows were spread
As a carpeting fair,
For the summer is dead.

And the listening trees
Seem to ask of the sky
Where all of the bees
That one day hastened by
With their burden of sweets
On their wings that were sped
With the swiftest of beats—
Now that summer has fled.

But the meadow is brown,
And the vines are asleep,
And the leaves flutter down
Till they drift in a heap,
And the apples turn red
Till they fall one by one,
And the skies are as lead
Now that summer is done.

In the blur of the dusk
Drifts the spiciest scent—
Myrrh, frankincense and musk
Not more sweetly are blent,
And our sacrifice now
Is the altar upon:
'Neath the smoke-wreaths we bow
For the summer is gone.

An Open Letter.

To the Editor of Advice to Our Girls Column: Three months ago I wrote you asking you what would be the most effective way of dissuading a young man from attempting to kiss me. I explained that he had been calling for several weeks and each time he called he tried to kiss me. I thought you would tell me some perfectly genteel, and at the same time positive, method of showing him that his actions were not viewed with favor, but the only answer I have seen in your column that might be construed as referring to my query was a formula for removing the scent of onions from the breath. After watching the paper all this time I took matters into my own hands, and last night when he tried to slip his arm around me I hit him on the point of the jaw and then gave him a straight-arm jab in the eye. When he ran down street people fled from him in alarm and the police turned in a riot call. I hope I have done nothing unladylike, but when you won't hasten to the rescue I have simply got to let my gymnasium training help out as far as it will go. GLADYS WISE.

The Patriot.

When Uncle Sam called: "Volunteers to dig in Panama!"
He did not come with shovel on the run;
But now when little Cuby must be posted in the law
He's looking for his uniform and gun.

O brethren, this but illustrates the way that we are made;
No patriotic duty would we shirk—
But when it comes to hustling with a shovel, pick, and spade,
Why, that's a little bit too much like work!

Mdcclx Plus Mdiv Equals Iiimlilxcv.

"It is an infamous attempt to shatter a time-honored custom that has grown to be part and parcel of our existence," says Calus Tullius Smithius, looking up from the Daily Roman, in the wine and oil shop just off the Appian Way.

"What is?" asks Marcus Brutus Brownibus.

"I see by the Daily Roman that the Emperor has declared in favor of this new scheme of simplified numerals, and wants us to abandon the legible, sensible way of counting by letters that we have utilized all these centuries."

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Lay of the Newspaper Hack.

If you think this doesn't class with the work turned out by Gray,
Recollect, ere on you pass, that I do this every day.
Gray some seven years put in working on one bit of rhyme;
I'll have filled with verse a bin in one-tenth that length of time.

Wordsworth babbled like a brook; he had wondrous lyric powers!
But I'm told his time he took, working only union hours.
He could stroll among the birds whilst he polished up a line.
That is why he turned out words worth a great deal more than mine.

Byron worked by starts and fits; I must grind like any clerk.
That's one reason why his bits rank afar above my work.
Burns was always half seas o'er; that is why his stuff is good.
But I do my daily chore like a hired man saws his wood.

Having a Look.

"Littlefield of Maine is an object of considerable interest to Congressional candidates just now."

"How's that?"

"Oh, I suppose they all want to inspect his political sore toe."

His Little Joke.

America was having trouble with Turkey.

"Think you that we can lick the infidel Franks?" inquired the Sultan.

"We might, Commander of the Faithful," replied the near humorous Vizier, "but not if they are assisted by the Bills and the Toms."

On the Trolley.

They only punch your ticket
In any other place;
But up in dear old Brooklyn
They also punch your face.

Missing Links.

"She claims to be of bluestocking ancestry."

"And is she not?"

"Well, if she is, it's of the dropped stitch variety."

Theory.

"I see that Senator Clark's auto was wrecked recently at Salsomaggoiore, Italy."

"How did it happen?"

"I don't know. Maybe he bumped into the town's name."

The Hitch.

"And do you not care to head the ticket?"

"Oh, I'm perfectly willing to head the ticket. I merely do not care to foot the bills."

Written by Maj. Andre.

An autograph letter of Maj. Andre, the British spy who was hanged by a court-martial ordered by Gen. Washington, written to Col. Sheldon, in command of a detachment of British cavalry, which was to be delivered to Benedict Arnold, has been found and purchased by J. Pierpont Morgan for $5,000.

Sounds Reasonable.

From Harper's Weekly.

"It's dreadful queer," said the housewife, "that the potatoes you bring me should be so much bigger at the top of the sack than they are at the bottom."

"Not at all, mum," said the honest farmer; "it's jest this a-way. Potatoes is growin' so fast jest now that by the time I dig a sackful the last ones dug is ever so much bigger'n the fust ones."

GOSSIP ABOUT NOTABLE PEOPLE.

He Guessed Right Twice.

The presence in Washington of the Hon. James A. Tawney, chairman of the great Appropriations Committee of the House, is a reminder that he has acquired a peculiar distinction. It is none other than that he named both of the last Speakers of the House long before anybody but the fortunate candidates for that powerful office had thought seriously that either of them would be elected so easily. When "Tom" Reed gave up his mighty grip on the House gavel and quit public life in disgust it was Mr. Tawney who proclaimed from his home 'way up in Minnesota that David Bremner Henderson would succeed the big man from Maine without a struggle. This proved true. Then when the Speaker from Iowa, broken in health and spirit, made announcement of his irrevocable decision to retire to private life in a vain search for rest and repose and peace of mind, the newspapers the next morning contained an interview with Mr. Tawney confidently predicting the election of "Uncle Joe" Cannon to the Speakership. In each case the Minnesota Congressman was declared to be rash by numerous of his colleagues, but he showed the faith that was in him by buckling on his armor and going forth to the fight for his candidate. Mr. Tawney has not yet picked the man to succeed "Uncle Joe" in the event of Mr. Cannon laying aside the Speakership for any cause, though it is suspected that if he would overcome his native modesty he would mention, at least in a whisper, the name of the present efficient chairman of the Committee on Appropriations.

Maj. Kean Knows His Job.

Among the first of the medical officers selected to accompany the troops to Cuba by Surgeon General O'Reilly was Maj. Jefferson Kean, a Virginian by birth and rearing. Ma. Kean won distinction as a specialist in the matter of camp sanitation—one of the most important features of successful military management—while attached to the staff of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who commanded the Seventh Army Corps in the Spanish-American war, and whose command was sent to Havana immediately after the policy of military occupation of the island was determined upon by the McKinley administration pending the permanent settlement of Cuba's political status. Gen. Lee established and gave the name to Camp Columbia, which is now figuring in the dispatches from Cuba, and which is situated at the charming suburb of Marianoa, overlooking the Atlantic. Maj. Kean assisted the late Dr. Walter Reed in the series of hazardous experiments at Havana, which resulted in establishing, to the satisfaction of the scientific world, the theory that yellow fever is communicated only by the bite of that species of mosquito denominated the Stegomyia fasciata. A pathetically tragic accident of this marvelously useful discovery was the death of Dr. Reed from yellow fever at the Cuban capital contracted from the bite of the mosquito whose habits and venom he was studying.

A Citizen of Leisure.

Col. Franklin Pierce Morgan, one of Washington's best-known sociological students and raconteurs, is making a profound study of the effect on Southern civilization being produced by the rapid growth of the manufacturing industry in Dixie. From an experience he had recently at Statesboro, N. C., a humming hive of modern industry, Col. Morgan is somewhat puzzled as to the ultimate effect of the new movement in the South. He had read much of the employment in Southern cotton factories of the children of that element of the South's population known as "poor white trash," and especially the young daughters of these families. Before he studied the question at close range Col. Morgan was strongly inclined to the pleasing opinion that the giving of this sort of employment to the children of the class named would soon solve one of the South's most bothersome problems. But now he is in a quandary on that point for this reason: In the prosecution of his inquisitorial mission at Statesboro he engaged in conversation a middle-aged citizen of that humming hive of modern industry who was energetically whittling a stick astride of a dry-goods box, the while obviously reflecting deeply upon the extreme mutability of sublunary affairs in general, with especial reference to the effect upon his own fortunes of the new industrial movement in his fair clime.

"What do you do for a living?" asked Col. Morgan.

"Wall, stranger," accommodatingly replied the hospitable Tar Heel, "I don't have to do nothin' for a livin' these days, seein' as how I have five head of gals a-workin' in the cotton factory."

Rockefeller's Press Agent.

Newspaper and magazine readers cannot help but take notice that the long and much-maligned John D. Rockefeller is now quite frequently represented in these publications in a great deal better light than was ever before cast upon him. The reason is not far to seek when one knows how to go about it. It is that the Standard Oil Company now has in its employ, and for the first time, one of the most skillful newspaper men in the United States who is acting as press agent for all of the vast interests of that giant concern. His name is J. I. C. Clark, and his success as a dramatist is quite as marked as that of journalist. Mr. Clark has for years been one of the most conspicuous newspaper men in New York, and surrendered one of the most responsible and remunerative positions in the journalism of the metropolis to accept his present post. That Mr. Clark understands perfectly the subtle art of publicity is abundantly demonstrated by the presentation of matter in all kinds of popular publications concerning the doings and the views of John D. Rockefeller and the group of financiers associated with this modern Midas. So successful thus far have been his efforts that other men of large affairs who heretofore have scoffed at friends for employing press agents are now casting about for publicity experts to attach to their permanent staffs.

Mrs. Green's Son "Ned."

Mrs. Hetty Green's only son, E. H. R., appears at last to have put political ambition behind him and to have settled down to a serious career of business in Texas. A faction of the Republicans in that State, styling themselves the reorganized Republican party of Texas, and whose chief tenet seems to be to destroy wholly the political prestige and prowess of President Roosevelt's friend, the Hon. Cecil Lyons, made Mr. Green their nominee for governor. A few days ago the nominee of the reorganized respectfully but firmly declined the honor. He gave as his excuse, while pledging anew fidelity to the cause, his increasing business interests in the State, which were accumulating too fast for him to make the necessary canvass for governor. Mr. Green is unique among the sons of the multimillionaires of the United States. He is not yet forty years old, and about fifteen years ago he went to Texas to look after some of his mother's railroad interests there. The cynics, of course, predicted that he would not long apply himself to the task; that he would soon be back in the full glare of New York's great white way, &c., but he has fooled them all. He is a bona fide citizen of Texas, intensely interested in all that concerns that great State, moves among his neighbors in genuine democratic fashion, and rarely comes East. He has made of the Texas Midland Railroad, which he owns, one of the model transportation lines of the country, and is now earnestly applying his energies and capital to the development of new agricultural system in Texas.

YOUNG WIZARD OF FINANCE.

How Two New Orleans Men Get a Free Trip to Chicago.

From the Chicago Evening Post.

Leon Dejeau and his friend Emil Watts, both of New Orleans, have taken a plunge in Illinois Central stock. By their bold manipulation of two—count 'em—railroad shares they have won for themselves free transportation from New Orleans to Chicago and return, and $6 profit besides.

Mr. Dejeau was the master genius who conceived the plot. He is a young clerk in the Crescent City. Chicago looked good to him, but it was 1,000 miles away. One day he said to his chum, young Mr. Watts:

"Emil, where'll we go for our vacation?"

"Baton Rouge or Mobile," replied Watts gloomily. "I've saved up $150, but I can't afford to spend it all on a trip."

"Let me take the $150," said Dejeau. "I'll guarantee to return it to you in full, along with transportation to Chicago, round trip."

Watts was incredulous, but he trusted his friend. Then Dejeau wrote as follows to a Chicago broker, inclosing his friend's money and his own:

"Dear Sir: Inclosed I hand you draft on Chicago for $346, with which I wish to purchase two shares of stock in the Illinois Central Railroad, to be registered in the names of Leon Dejeau and Emil Watts."

The commission was duly executed, and the two shares were sent to Dejeau. When Emil Watts was given his single share he looked at it dubiously. "What about the transportation to Chicago?" he asked.

"Just wait," answered Dejeau mysteriously.

Sure enough, in the course of time two letters arrived at New Orleans, bearing the imprint of the Illinois Central Railroad and addressed to Dejeau and Watts. The message they contained was this:

"Dear Sir: In conformity with our custom of furnishing transportation to all stockholders in the Illinois Central Railroad, for use in attending our annual meeting in Chicago, we take pleasure in sending you herewith a trip pass from New Orleans to Chicago and return. We trust we may have the pleasure of seeing you at the meeting in person.

"The Illinois Central Railroad also would be honored by your presence at the annual luncheon of stockholders, on the day of the annual meeting."

Dejeau and Watts looked at the tickets with a proud sense of ownership in the Illinois Central. Then they carefully put the valuable little slips away.

"If I had some more money," said Dejeau, "I'd buy some Pullman stock."

"Oh, well," sighed Watts, "the smoking car won't be so bad."

However, the two shares of stock have been considerate enough to go up $6 in value since the transaction narrated. This will help out on Pullman fares.

GREETINGS TO THE HERALD.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The Washington Herald, a new daily morning paper, published in the Federal capital, made its first appearance before the public on Monday morning. The price is 1 cent, it has 16 pages, and its typography and general arrangement leave nothing to be desired. It presents the news of the day, bright and sensible editorials, and an attractive and interesting assortment of miscellaneous articles. The editor of the young paper is Mr. Scott C. Bone, a veteran newspaper man. If The Herald keeps the promise it makes to the people of Washington in this first number, it should succeed and exercise a most beneficent influence. It promises to rely wholly upon its merits. That is the only way it can achieve real success. It will stand for the best interests of Washington; it will be honest and clean; it will deal with the cleanly affairs of life, and it will be nonpartisan and independent. If our young contemporary keeps all these promises and publishes day by day all the news that is worth publishing and fit for publication, it should go from strength to strength and grow like a tree planted by the waterside, that will bring forth fruit in due season.

From the Baltimore News.

The Washington Herald made its appearance yesterday, and the first number is in all respects creditable to the publishers. The Herald is a sixteen-page morning paper and will be sold for 1 cent. Its make-up is thoroughly workmanlike, the general contents being fresh and attractive, the news of generous quantity and the latest, while the editorials are temperate and judicious in tone. The editor, Mr. Scott C. Bone, a veteran journalist of marked ability and ripe experience, announces a policy which ought to guarantee success to any well-conducted newspaper. This is to be "a policy of fair dealing," with no axes to grind, political or otherwise, and no partisan committal of its columns. In his initial bow Editor Bone makes one slip. He says "Washington has the most intelligent clientele in the country." He should have added, "except Baltimore." However, ample success to The Herald.

A Literal Kentuckian.

From Everybody's Magazine.

Two Northerners, traveling in the mountains of Kentucky, had gone for hours and hours without seeing a sign of life. At last they came to a cabin in a clearing. The hogs lay in their dirt holes, the thin claybank mule grazed round and round in a circle to save the trouble of walking, and one lank man, whose clothes were the color of the claybank mule, leaned against a tree and let time roll by.

"How do you do?" said one of the Northerners.

"Howdy?"

"Pleasant country."

The native shifted his quid and grunted.

"Lived here all your life?"

The native spat pensively in the dust. "Not yit," he said languidly.

Lawyers in Politics.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

As a matter of fact, there is no objection to lawyers in politics because they are lawyers. The criticism is caused by that class who use public position to serve their clients while pretending to represent the people. The objection to them is not that they are lawyers, but that they are dishonest and betraying the people while pretending to serve them. This class is to be reached not by an indiscriminate rejection of lawyers as candidates for public office, but by the same personal appraisement that should be applied to every aspirant. The supreme test is not the candidate's profession or occupation, but his honesty and ability.

Use of Electric Locomotives.

Successful tests have been made by the New York Central Railroad of locomotives driven by electricity. Beginning with November 1, the management begins the use of electric locomotives on all of its trains coming into and going out of the city of New York, as far as Highbridge and Wakefield. This will avoid the smoke from engines which has been so offensive to a thickly populated section. The first of the electric locomotives entered New York last Sunday, September 30, drawing eight heavy Pullman cars.

Just Fishin'.

From Life.

"How long yer been fishin'?"
"All day."
"Catch anything?"
"Nope."
"Any bites?"
"Nope."
"What yer fishin' for, then?"
"Fishin'."

VIEWS OF VISITING MEN OF AFFAIRS.

"The way in which Senator J. B. Foraker triumphed at the Republican State convention was a proof of the man's marvelous force of character and the hold he has on the people of Ohio," said Mr. Thomas H. Hogsett, former corporation counsel of Cleveland, Ohio, at the New Willard.

"Whenever it comes to a crucial test of strength and Foraker is given a chance to be heard, he never fails to arouse his hearers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, carrying all before him. There is hardly a doubt that the eloquence of the Senator saved his colleague from defeat at the hands of the formidable combination which was formed to down Senator Dick. My belief is that Foraker, in spite of the fact that he took the unpopular side of the railroad bill, will maintain his commanding position, both in his State and the nation at large."

Mr. Thomas Drewry, of Louisville, one of the brightest politicians of his State, and a member of the Kentucky legislature, is at the Raleigh. Mr. Drewry, though quite a young man, has met with signal success in his various campaigns, and his friends say that he will be elected in November to the important office of railroad commissioner.

Dr. B. J. Cobleigh, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., who is at the New Willard, is one of the popular and influential young men of that thriving Keystone city. Dr. Cobleigh was a candidate for the Republican nomination to Congress in his district this year, and his followers claimed that he was fairly chosen by the convention, which was disputed by the faction supporting Representative H. W. Palmer, the present Congressman. The matter was taken to the courts, but the upshot of it is that both Cobleigh and Palmer will run, and to add to the interest of the race, Corey, a reform candidate, will also go before the voters, while John T. Lenahan will run as the Democratic nominee. With four candidates in the field and with Dr. Cobleigh strong with all classes, especially the laboring element, it is believed he will be the next Congressman from the Wilkesbarre district.

"While a great many negroes are idle and shiftless and utterly unreliable as laborers, I manage to get on with my colored farm hands, and have among those in my employ some as good and faithful workers as can be found anywhere," said Mr. B. J. Wetherly, of South Carolina, at the Metropolitan.

"I have negroes on my farm who have been working for me the past sixteen years. They like me, and we get on without friction. I think one reason of my successful employment of black labor is that I do not hold too tight a rein over my employes. If occasionally, in going over the farm, I note the absence of some lumber or the disappearance of a pig, though I know some slight pilfering is going on, I shut my eyes to the fact, even though I have a shrewd idea as to the culprit. I reason that it is better to tolerate a small amount of stealing than to drive a good hand from the place. Some people are born with defective notions as to the difference between meum and tuum, and allowance should be made for this peculiarity, which, in the South at least, is racial."

"When the Fusionists first put out their State ticket in Kansas, a great many Republicans feared that their party would suffer defeat this year," said Mr. S. S. Ashbaugh, a successful lawyer of Wichita, Kans., at the New Willard. "As the campaign progressed the danger seemed to decrease, until now there is not the slightest cause to apprehend Republican disaster. The opposition named as its gubernatorial candidate ex-Senator Harris, who has the good will of all the people and is recognized as an able man. His candidacy, however, failed to arouse any great enthusiasm, and it is now certain that Gov. Hoch will be overwhelmingly re-elected.

"The voters of Kansas will stick to the Republican party in the coming election because of the wonderful prosperity all classes are enjoying and because of the great popularity of the President. You remember that Kansas gave Roosevelt 126,000 majority in 1904, and of these he has not since lost a vote. Our people are ready to support him for another term. Next to Roosevelt, I should say that Secretary Root would be the favorite for the Presidential nomination in our State."

"I would advise all Americans who contemplate traveling in Germany next season to reconcile themselves in advance to the fate that awaits them," remarked Capt. E. S. Doughty, at the Ebbitt House.

"I speak from the depths of experience, for the soaking I was given in the Kaiser's country last summer will linger in my memory permanently. The Germans, it seems, have become imbued with the idea that all Yankees who come over there have more money than they know what to do with, and that it is a patriotic duty to relieve them of their cash. In this they hardly ever make a failure. For instance, the unsuspecting citizen from the States will buy a ticket on an express train, blissfully ignorant of the fact that he will have to give up fifty cents for a seat after getting aboard. In addition he will be requested to fork over the tax which is collected for the benefit of the government. I was forced to pay a tax of $1.25 in addition to the cost of my ticket from Cologne to Berlin.

"The worst case of grafting, however, was put through in a Berlin hotel. After ordering a pretty expensive dinner, a la carte, at the close thereof the waiter tendered a couple of peaches that would be called quite ordinary over here. They were not down on the menu, and thinking they would not be charged for unreasonably, I took them. When the bill was rendered, those peaches were included at four marks, or one dollar. It was an outrage, but I had to pay it, though I made up my mind that if ever I wandered back to the fatherland peaches would be cut out."

Mr. Brooks Johnson, of French Lick Springs, Ind., is at the Raleigh. Mr. Johnson, who is closely associated in business with Hon. Thomas Taggart, is here to attend the meeting of wholesale druggists.

Col. George R. Peck, general counsel of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, is at the Shoreham.

Mr. James E. Galbrey, who until recently was manager of the Arlington Hotel, and who has for years been connected with the leading hotels of the National Capital, has gone to New York city to become manager of the newest of the great palatial hostelries of the metropolis, the Knickerbocker, at Forty-second street and Broadway, which will be thrown open to the public in the next few days.

Mr. Galbrey has a multitude of friends in every part of the country, and he is widely known for his ability as a hotel man. Mr. E. H. Babcock, who has been one of the New Willard's staff of employes, will also shortly take a responsible position with the management of the Knickerbocker.

His Orders.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Captain!"
"Well?"
"What shall I do with yon field of corn?"
"Shell it."